

Our Man Hoppe

The King Who Smelled Good



Arthur Hoppe

ONCE upon a time in the Kingdom of Nixylvania a Senator passing by said he smelled a smell in The Loyal Royal Palace.

But as the Senator was a member of the Loyal Royal Opposition Party and had no love for the King, nobody paid much attention. After all, Opposition parties were always smelling smells in The Loyal Royal Palace.

The King, of course, ignored the Senator. He said he was very busy with his secret plans to spread peace, prosperity, honesty, decency and hard work throughout his Kingdom. He was making "real progress," he said. And he had no time for smelly Senators.

But other leaders of the Loyal Royal Opposition took up the cry. "Something smells in The Loyal Royal Palace!" they shouted. And they were noisy about it.

To set the matter to rest, the King issued a statement: "All my life," he said, "I have been, rightly or wrongly, against smells. And if there was a smell in The Loyal Royal Palace, I would be the very first to smell it."

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YOU'D THINK that would be the end of it. But the newspapers began sniffing here and sniffing there. As the months passed, some began detecting faint scents and others reported strong odors emanating from The Loyal Royal Palace.

The King's Chief Adviser resigned to devote more time to listening to his wife, Martha. Several Special Assistants suddenly remembered appointments in private industry. The King was very, very annoyed.

"I have ordered my Chief Smeller to smell as hard as he can," he said. "Furthermore, I have instructed the Federal Bureau of Smelling to smell every nook and cranny. I have complete confidence in

my Chief Smeller and I can assure you that nobody, now employed in The Loyal Royal Palace, smells."

But the problem wouldn't go away. More and more people said they smelled something. At last, the Senators said they wanted to smell around themselves. The Opposition Senators wanted to prove there was a smell. And the Loyal Royal Senators wanted to prove there wasn't.

The King indignantly refused their request. "That would be a violation of the Doctrine of Royal Prerogatives," he said angrily. "It would destroy my Divine Right to Smell."

By now, however, every subject in the Kingdom smelled a smell in The Loyal Royal Palace. Expert smellers from a score of different packs were hot on the scent. Even the Loyal Royal Senators were worried.

"If you don't get rid of that smell," they warned the King anxiously, "it's going to cling to all of us."

It was then that the King made his historic announcement. "My loyal subjects," he said, "I have made a momentous discovery: Something in The Loyal Royal Palace smells!

"Thanks solely to the keenness of my well-trained nose," he added, "I alone was able to detect it. But rest assured I have a secret plan to end the smell on which I am making real progress. Whoever smells shall be banished from The Loyal Royal Palace. For if there is one thing I cannot tolerate for a moment, it's smells."

Oh, how pleased and happy all his subjects were! "Huzzah for our King's nose!" they cried. "Once again, he's come up smelling like a rose."

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MORAL: In unbelievable fairy tales, he who smells last smells best.